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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Generally fair; stationary tem. perature; westerly winds, shifting to northwesterly.

Among the great church movements BISHOP POTTER it is interesting to note that two parallel forces are especially active, intellectual unrest in theology and genuine

ING CLASSES. beneficence in the treatment of practical questions. The turmoil of the higher criticism as a battle ground of disputants and charges and counter-charges of heresy and schism fill the air with smoke, but underneath it all can be discerned a great deal of clear-minded sympathy with and hold on the fundamental principles of Christian practice. When such men as Bishop Potter and Rev. Dr. Rainsford evince their deep appreciation of the wants, the miseries and the rights of the laboring classes in such unmistakable words, they show themselves true prophets of the Kingdom of God. Bishop Potter's last utterance at a meeting of the Church Association for the Interests of Labor is consistent with what he has said often before, as for example:

The working man wants to be put on a higher plane. He does not want to be considered as a piece of machinery. He has rights as well as those who do not win their bread by the sweat of their brow, and his rights must be respected. Capital has banded together and so have the working men. . . . If I were a working man and had not received justice at the hands of my employer, I would do as men have done and strike until I was recognized.

In this emphatic indorsement of the convictions and aspirations of the great toiling masses the Bishop strikes the keynote of his Divine Master. The Gospels contain an embarrassment of riches in their affirmation of the dignity and rights of poverty. And it is refreshing to hear great Church dignitaries apply this in so practical fashion. It is true that the Church cannot be consistent in doing otherwise, yet the trend of much of the preaching of the day, when it does not concern with arid doctrinal subtleties, is to truckle by far too much to the power of money.

The right and duty of laboring men to combine in the strike as a defence against the insatiable aggression of capital are recognized to be genuine Christian doctrine, even though it be not quite the turning of the left cheek to the smiter, Bishop Potter and the clerics of his kidney know that it is in the incessant and indomitable struggle of men for their rights that civilization advances and the world keeps healthy. This is not only humane sympathy with the under dog, but the common sense of history and the common sense of morals which imbue Christian ethics. Yet how rarely is it preached from the conventional pulpit! Cold-blooded economics constitute a terrible and merciless mechanism, which, literally applied, grinds humanity to powder. It is only when it is guided by the ethical idea, which is the saving salt of human intercourse and is so tersely expressed in the Golden Rule, that it is effective for the world's good.

Bishop Potter in the course of his interesting address takes occasion to refer to the threat imposed by the substitution of machinery for human labor, reiterating as a moral teacher what John Ruskin has so vividly affirmed as an aesthetic teacher. The doctrine that immense fecundity of production by mechanism only temporarily displaces labor, and ultimately creates new and larger outlets for the human factor, has been the favorite theory of the Manchester school. That this theory is false, dangerous and debasing to humanity, except within very narrow limits, is illustrated in a thousand ways by the industrial conditions of the world to-day. Its sophistry has helped to create new and tremendous inequalities of society, to turn thousands into tramps and vagabonds, and to harden the natural selfishness of man by fortifying it with a false philosophy.

The discussion of these and allied questions by Bishop Potter is full of significance. If the mouthpieces of religious doctrine generally poured forth such doctrine, it would go far to give the Church a more vital career and a more useful function. What would the world care for all the dicta of the septs and the insidious analysis of the historical critics if Christianity by its radical and far-reaching sympathies with the toiling poor and its work in striving to adjust such practical issues thus affirmed a Divine authenticity? Intellectual criticism would speedily find its teeth drawn and its claws cut.

COMPTROLLER ROBERTSON THE DUDLEY BILL

The article in the Forum by State Comptroller Roberts on the Graduated Inheritance Tax bill, now awaiting Governor Black's signature, is of great interest and force. Practically the father of the bill, his citation of statistics and his cumulative force of argument show how thoroughly he has studied the problem which the bill attempts to solve. The Dudley bill has been denounced with almost hysterical outcries by the capitalistic organs as a long stride toward socialism and anarchy, as a piece of almost insane injustice, and as most dangerous demagogism.

This denunciation has been in the teeth of recent investigations in court, which of necessity only touch the skirts of the evil, showing persistent perjury in tax-dodging on personal property and scathing comments of judges on the collusion of assessors. Comptroller Roberts, recognizing the base love of their riches on the part of the rich even to cheating the Government out of its dues, proposes to remedy this by assessing the ultimate inheritance to make up for these defalcations in the gross.

The writer recalls that "there has hardly been a report of a State financial or assessing officer in the United States in the past twenty-five years that has not discussed in a tone almost of despair the wholesale escapes of personal property from taxation." This has been in spite of the most stringent attempts to avoid evasion; everything, in fact, short of a graduated inheritance tax. In New York State the evil has been greater than elsewhere, for the reason that the concentration of personal property wealth is so enormous here, especially in New York City, the great financial centre of the country. In statistics drawn from the reports of the Comptroller's office, he proves in detail that the total amount of personal property in 197 estates, which after death summed up \$215,132,167, was assessed during the lifetime of the owners at \$3,819,412, only 1.77 per cent of actual value. Of these, thirty-four, ranging from \$54,559 to \$3,219,500, had been assessed at nothing. "Why, not," he goes on to say, "levy an inheritance tax, which shall be approximately a payment of back taxes, evaded or not imposed during life?" Mr. Roberts, who seems to have deduced his figures with great care, estimates, after the best allowance is made, that there is in the State \$5,231,660,940 of personal property which rightfully should be taxed, and yet totally escapes the tax collector.

If this calculation is even approximately true, it sweeps away every argument against the imposition of a graduated inheritance tax as a cold, naked fact of business. The rich man can easily lie about the value of his property while living, but in the very nature of things it cannot escape

the scrutiny of the Surrogate's Court. No sound logic can brand such a law as discrimination against wealth. It is simply an appeal from Philip living to Philip dead, and applies a touchstone in some approximate measure to the losses which the rich man has inflicted on his governmental creditor by long continued deceit and perhaps wholesale lying.

FOLITICS IN VIRGINIA.

The gold standard organs seem to have a complete monopoly of the "news" from Virginia that there is a desperate contest among the Democrats of that State over the propriety of reaffirming the Chicago platform. Virginia, which gave to the Chicago Convention the presiding officer who defeated Senator Hill, leaving that statesman in a condition of sulks from which he has not yet recovered; Virginia, which gave the solid vote of her delegation first to Joe Blackburn and then to William J. Bryan, is scarcely likely now to stultify herself and to abandon the time-honored customs of Democracy by repudiating the declaration of principles which her representatives in the convention had a notable share in formulating.

As a State chiefly agricultural in its interest, Virginia is vitally concerned in the effort to check the fall in the prices of agricultural products resulting from the single gold standard. It is fair and just to say that the Republican party holds out a promise of some such effort in its declaration for international bimetalism, and that the Republican Administration has undertaken to give that promise effect by appointing a commission, distinctly favorable to silver, to visit Europe and labor for an international agreement. Yet can scarcely anticipate that the Democrats of Virginia will indorse the Republican national platform. Neither does it seem reasonable that they will approve the platform of the national Democrats, which repudiates bimetalism wholly and would increase the pernicious effects of gold monometallism by retiring the greenbacks. This platform, being made chiefly for the edification and delight of Wall Street, found only 2,129 supporters in all Virginia, or several less than rallied to the support of the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency.

It is true that the State Government of Virginia is in the hands of men who were not friendly to the Democratic party in the late campaign, and it will be interesting to note whether the Democrats of the State will approve their local or their national representatives.

PROTECTION NAKEDLY ON VIEW.

Dingleyism is in a hole, and it can only escape by climbing out on the Democratic ladder. The Republicans of the Senate Finance Committee confess that though the Dingley bill furnishes protection without limit, the scheme of giving campaign contributors the privilege of enriching themselves by taxing the public does not provide the necessary income for public purposes. So in its extremity the Republican party resorts, in the sight of all men, to "British free trade" by levying duties on imports which do not come into competition with home products. Protection for private profit is to be supplemented by a tax on tea and an increased impost on tobacco. And there is to be an additional internal revenue levy on beer.

Suppose Mr. Bryan had been elected and a Democratic Congress had done what the Republicans are now doing. What ear would not have been deafened by the outcry against taxing the teapot of the widow, the beer of the orphan and the pipe of the toiler? Then we should have had Republican homilies without number on the essential iniquity of not relying exclusively upon custom house duties for revenue, to the end that domestic industries be encouraged and protected. Would there have been any stop to the eloquence in denunciation of the criminal Democratic policy of not discriminating in favor of the native producer and manufacturer?

The confession that the Dingley bill as it came from the House, stamped with the McKinley Administration's approval, falls as a revenue measure leaves Protection standing naked before the country. It is thus revealed that the purpose of protection as it is upheld by the party in power is not to fill the National Treasury, but to turn the stream of wealth which should go there from the custom house into the pockets of citizens who are in the enjoyment of Republican favor. The Dingley bill, in brief, is exposed in its true character—a device for taking money from the masses of the people for the benefit of a few of them, and these few mostly of a class least in need of Government aid.

Protection, so pilloried by its cornered friends, is doomed.

KILL THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

The Senate is to come to a vote to-day on the Olney-Salisbury arbitration treaty. There is not a great deal of it left now, to be sure, the life having been amended out of it, but the Journal hopes the Senate will bury the un-American thing.

There is no necessity whatever for an arbitration treaty with England, and very strong reasons indeed why we should not tie our hands in advance against the always possible day when disputes between the two nations may arise. Whenever there is something to arbitrate with England or any other power the United States will gladly appeal to reason rather than to force, but we should remain perfectly free from unnecessary and weakening promises of peaceable intention. As for Great Britain, it is only prudent that our attitude toward her should be one of intelligent distrust. She has an appetite for territory, and anything else that is valuable, which she is never backward about gratifying when she considers it safe to indulge herself. We may be quite sure that Great Britain will ever be ready to arbitrate with rather than fight us. We are neither Venezuelans nor Boers. Moreover, it is not apparent why we should go out of our way to strengthen England as against the other powers, as we should do were we to sign an agreement to be Quakers and emancipate her from all concern from this quarter while she is pursuing her schemes elsewhere. How very pacific her intentions are respecting the United States in case of dire necessity is shown by her great fortress at Esquimaux, which commands Puget Sound and menaces our whole Pacific coast, her formidable warlike precautions on the Canadian border, and her armored vessels that cruise in American waters and have their supply harbors at American islands which should be ours.

England will always bear watching, and it is fortunate for the Republic that the Senate has had the sense to keep this in mind and the firmness to resist sentimental clamor from gentlemen and ladies who represent few besides themselves—certainly not the masses of the American people, who possess memories and have no love for what was once the mother country, and has never been friendly when we stood in want of friends.

The Olney-Salisbury arbitration treaty is worse than needless, it is perilous in spirit. Therefore the Journal hopes to have the patriotic pleasure of announcing to-morrow morning that the American Senate has killed it.

Ex-Governor Altgeld appears to have accumulated a set of enemies who are confirmed victims of the habit of striking from the rear.

It no doubt gives the tariff tinkers considerable annoyance to have to submit to the umphring of a person of the name of Jones.

Chappies Scorn a Ladies' Tailor.

MANHATTAN Club chappies are not the most howling swells in Gotham, although they can boast of J. Sergeant Cram and Jefferson Monticello Levy as fellow members.

But for all that, even your Manhattan Club chappie needs must draw the line somewhere.

The place was found the other night, when it was discovered that a well-advised "ladies' tailor" was present at a little supper in the club. Some of the more outspoken of the party declared themselves right there and refused to sit down with the man who fits the fashion to the female figure, or vice versa.

Then there was a hubbub, and the club has been half-laughing, half-crying over the incident ever since.

"It isn't so much that the fellow is a woman's tailor," said a Manhattan man to me, "as it is that he got into the club by a beastly mean trick. You see, his name his Topsy Covert Coat, and all the town knows him as such. But when he comes up for election he drops the 'Coat' and appears simply as Topsy Covert. Of course, nobody recognized him with the tail of his name cut off, and he got in. But I'm damned if I'll eat with him!" And there are others.

Considerable talk has been made here about an alleged breaking off of the much-advertised marriage between Henry Fitzhugh Whitehouse and the daughter of Lady Duntze.

I have news direct from Dinard, France, that the civil marriage will take place there to-day.

What awful tale is this? Colonel McCoskey Butt, gallant leader of the "Dandy Dozen," fainted at inspection? Incredible! Sooner would I believe that General Miles had paled at the sight of a mouse, or that Admiral Buncie was sick at sea.

McCoskey Butt, champion scrapper, hard hitter, prize pupil of Mike Donovan—how could it ever have happened?

Why, McCoskey Butt is tough; or at least he used to be. Once when Mrs. Leander Lawrence changed him with this quality at the Knickerbocker Bowling Club, McCoskey replied:

"Hully gee! A chappie's got to be tough to command the Twelfth!"

And now he's fainted. Mirabile dictu!

Meln Leber Herr Boldt, connection (business) of the Astors, made a long stride socially last night when he entertained Yang Yu and the other Chinese chappies at dinner in his private residence, and then took them to see Buffalo Willie's circus.

The dinner was quite a family affair, for both the young Yang Yus and the baby Boldts were at table.

The menu was in Boldt's best style, and nobody can beat him in tickling the palate of a guest, no matter what corner of the earth the guest may come from.

Your dum dude doesn't like greasy things, so Boldt fed him on fish, lamb and chicken, and filled him up with Haute Sauterne, Pontet Canet and champagne until Buffalo Willie looked bigger than Li Hung Chang and more terrible than the Emperor of Japan.

It was a great night for the Chinese.

Little Miss Clover Boldt had a lovely time. The Yang Yus were funnier to her than the Wild West show.

Clover was christened, by the way, in honor of the Clover Club of Philadelphia, to which his father owes much of his prosperity and which is indebted to him for much of its fame.

Miss Hay, daughter of the new Minister to England, writes that the family is having a glorious time in London.

They are vastly pleased with their residence, No. 5 Carleton House Terrace, for many reasons, not the least of which is that their friend, Mrs. John W. Mackay, has a residence at No. 6 in the same thoroughfare. Miss Hay expressed great delight at the prospect of Mrs. Mackay's early arrival from Paris.

The London newspapers are showering compliments on Colonel Hay and refer to him as "the most graceful representative of America" that could have been sent there.

Union Club chappies are quite excited over the alleged approaching marriage of one of their members to a well known society girl.

No engagement has been, or will be, announced, and the attendance at the wedding will be limited to less than a dozen people.

It must have been some decrepit old Patriarch who started the rumor that the Matriarchs, or Ladies' Assembly, balls were to be discontinued and the association wound up.

Not at all! All humbug, of course! The Matriarchs have nothing to fear from the "Howling Swells," who gave the finishing touches to the McAllister Patriarchs by staying away and giving dinner-dances on the same nights.

The "Howling Swells" are not large numerically, only Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Fred Bronson, Mrs. Edward L. Baylies, Mrs. Henry Sloane and a few others, but when it comes to matters of social prestige their importance swells up enormously.

These women are friends of the Matriarchs. In fact, some of them are Matriarchs themselves. They have never tried to interfere with the subscription balls.

On the contrary, they have allowed their young men, "Tame Cats" they call them, to go to the Assemblies even if they didn't always go themselves.

Oh, no! We shall have plenty more Assemblies, and very delightful balls they will be. The dates, December 16, 1897, and January 27, 1898, have already been pre-empted.

The appointment of General Dan Sickles's son to the position of Secretary of Legation at Madrid came as a surprise to most of us, for we really didn't know that the General had a son.

This is a fitting sequel to that other surprise that "The Hero of the Opera" sprang upon us when he brought over a beautiful daughter from Spain last fall and created a commotion among the chappies by appearing nightly with her in the Metropolitan Opera House.

If the boy is half as brainy as his sister is handsome President McKinley has made no mistake in the appointment.

It is now proposed to open the Astoria, the Waldorf's big sister hotel, with a grand ball by Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor next fall.

If by any chance Mr. and Mrs. Jack should decide to withhold the prestige of a function in their names from the new hostelry, the opening ball will fall to the First Assembly on December 16.

As things look now, however, the Jack Astors will do the initiative honors. When

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S LESSON IN HEARTS.

"Say, you'd never be tired? Mr. Paul says t' me de odder day: 'Lent,' says he, 'Lent is a time when women tries on bonnets and men knock off whiskey and water, which is why I'm glad I mint a woman and don't drink whiskey and water.'"

"So I says, 'Excuse me, Mr. Paul,' says I, 'but don't men knock off small bottles, too?'"

"'No, Chammes,' he says, solemn as a judge, 'no, dey only knocks off de heads of de bottles, which is a poetic way of saying pull a cork, and t' see if you has your hand in, just twist a cork out of a small one and we'll drink t' de health of little Miss Fannie.'"

"Dat was because it was Little Miss Fannie's birthday, which is de best day in de year down to our place, cause tings whoops up from de time de Little One gets up in de morning till she goes t' bed at night; and every one of de help gets a present. So dat de reason Mr. Paul asks me t' drink a pint wid him, and I'm stuck on dat stuff so much now I wouldn't kick if Little Miss Fannie had a birthday six times a week."

"No, not so often as dat, because I couldn't stand de pace every day. Tings was going t' beat de band de whole day, and I was as busy as a hurry call ambulance, running tings for de kid."

"'Honest, it's de funniest ting outside of a show de way dat kid wont let nobody do tings for her except me. I mean de tings what is got up t' jolly her wid. Mr. Paul is stuck on de kid worse dan on anything else in de world, but he cant wia her de way I does, and it kinder makes him sore. Not huffy, you know, but he kinder looks like what t'ell when he dont cut no lee wid her."

"On de morning of her birtday he gives her a lot of toys, and as soon as she'd said 'Thank you, Unky Paul,' which is what she calls him, den she yells for me t' show her how t' play wid de toys he'd give her, and she gives him de blank face."

"He asked me one time, when I was giving him a practice wid de gloves, how it was dat de kid and de bull pup was so easy for me t' win, but I says, 'What t'ell,' says I, because I wasn't on t' what he meant. Den he tuss a while, and he says, 'I guess you are right, Chammes. I guess dat's de very ting; its just a case of what t'ell.'"

"'What is?' says I, landing light on his jaw, because he wasn't watching very close."

"'De way t' win children and dogs,' says he, countering stiff on me mug."

"'Now, honest, do you know what he meant? I don't.'"

"'But dat wasn't what I was going t' tell you about. It was about a lesson Mr. Paul gives me in another game—what you might call a game of hearts. Now dere isn't nobody likes Miss Fannie better dan I do. Dere aint no secret about dat. She knows it, and her husband, Mr. Burton, and his Whiskers, and Mr. Paul and everybody knows dat all right, all right. Just de way de bull pup likes me I likes her. Well, all de time I am tinkin' about tings I do, wedder Miss Fannie would like me t' do em or not. See?'"

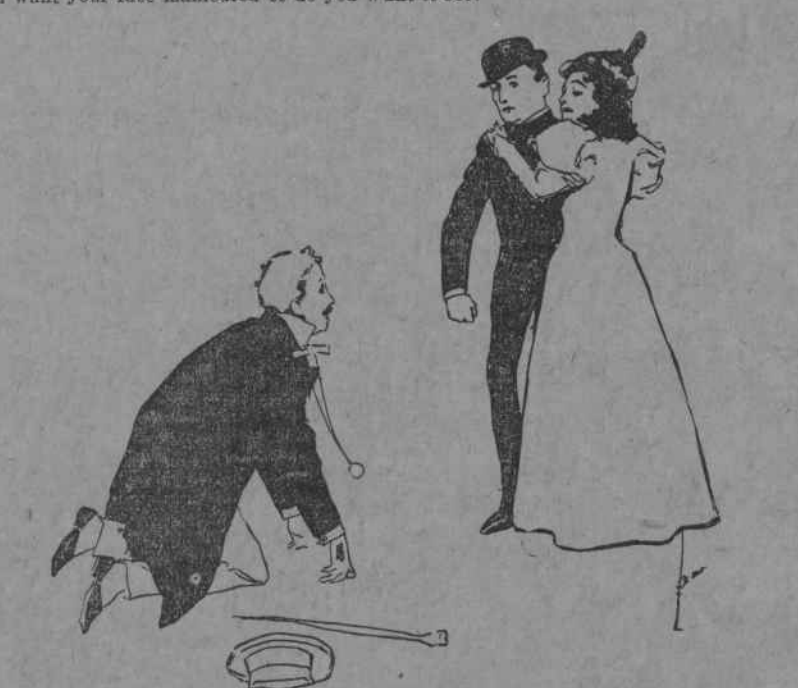
"'If I taut she wouldn't like me t' get out de way of a cable car I'd stay in front of it. Dat's what I mean. Well, dere is a mug which lives near us, and sometimes calls on our folks, dough I know dey aint stuck on his style a little bit, and I seen dat he was trying t' get gay wid de Duchess. I didn't have t' watch him t' find dat out, because de Duchess always tells me about it. Tings like dis: When Miss Fannie sends de Duchess into de village on an errand, dat mug would meet her and walk along de road wid her. Now dat aint no right ting for a mug dat pretends t' be a swell t' do; t' be seen walking along de road wid a lady's maid, and it didn't do de Duchess no good t' have de village folks see it, and she kicks t' me about it."

"'Honest, it boddered me worse dan anything. If he hadn't been a mug what had de right t' call at our house I wouldn't been boddered a little bit about what t' do. I'd punched his head de folet rattle out of de box, but him being a swell, or set up for a swell, I taut it would make Miss Fannie sore on me if I took notice of it wid me fists."

"'So, what t'ell? De Duchess kicked t' me about it, and when I said if I punched de mug's head and all de folks around dere heard of it, den I'd be up against it wid Miss Fannie. I taut I'd ask her about it, but foist I made up me mind t' ask Mr. Paul."

"'Well, I told him de whole game, and he said, 'No, Chammes,' says he, 'if you asks Miss Fannie she'll tell you not to have any row, but if you don't ask her, he do what you tink is right, I'll gamble you wont get in no trouble.'"

"'Say, I felt like dere had been a corner stone taken off me chest when he said dat. De next time de Duchess walked t' de village I was where I could watch de game. I seen de mug meet de Duchess, and I saw dat she tried t' give him de shake. But he wouldn't have it. Dat was all I wanted. I chases up and says t' him, 'Do you want your face manuevered or do you want it set?'"



"De mug tried t' give me de stoney eye, but I was getting terrible hot in de collar, so I just told him t' put up his hands, and den I let go at him."

"'Honest, he didn't even give me a warning up before I had him down and out, and dere was a job for de doctor on his nose."

"De Duchess was white, but when I turned t' her she gives me a hug right dere in de road. 'Chammes,' she said, 'if you hadn't done it I'd divorced you.'"

"'Dat's all right, Chammes,' says I, 'but what will Miss Fannie say?'"

"'What'll she say?' says de Duchess, half crying and half laughing, 'why, she told me already dat if you didn't lick de canaille she'd be ashamed of you.'"

"'Why didn't you tell me t' do it?'"

"'Because she wouldn't let me,' cries de Duchess."

"'Well, say, how can a mug like me know what a woman tinks? Dat afternoon Miss Fannie sends for me and says dat Mr. Burton has a note from de mug, saying I wrote de answer meelf.' Miss Fannie says, 'and I told him dat Mr. Burton and I approved of what you had done.'"

"'Honest, can you beat dat? When I told Mr. Paul he says, 'Chammes,' says he, 'Miss Fannie is de most peacefuller woman on eart, but de more peacefuller a woman is de more you offends em if you don't fight when you ought to.'"

"'Say, honest, what do you tink?'"

you open an Astor hotel you open an Astor heart.

Dear, old Lissie Stewart has bottled his political disappointment and gone off to Newport to overcome the shock of McKinley's failure to appreciate his fitness for a diplomatic appointment.

If Lissie were to think more about matrimony and less about politics he'd be far happier. A good wife is better than a foreign mission. At least I am so informed by certain married chappies who are aboard the same political derelict with Lissie.

Another batch of jubilee seekers will sail away for "dear old London" to-day.

"Bill" Whitney and his handsome wife head the list, and if he will only take along the dogs he wore at Westbury last Saturday and flash them on those Irish robbers, we shall feel in part avenged for the latter's insults and extortions.

As things look now, however, the Jack Astors will do the initiative honors. When

Barrisons Can't Play in London.

LONDON, April 20.—After I had seen Lona Barrison under herself down to the last garments on the stage in Berlin I was asked whether she could do the same act in London, and I said, "Unqualifiedly no." I remarked that it would be a question which would fall in, the roof or the police, if she tried any such thing in Leicester Square. I admitted the singular childish charm of this young woman which throws an air of innocence over everything she does, no matter how naughty. But I said that all the puritanical narrowness there is in America was inherited from England, and it is far stronger here. The Anthony Comstock of London is here called the "Nonconformist Conscience," and it is a Comstock of million-horse power.

I mention all this because it is said that the Princess Chinyay will presently perform in London. She never will. She has proved so far beyond Lona Barrison that the Parisian public only have her as a target for retched eggs and abused rabbits, but the authorities went further, and said that if she put her indecencies—the greatest of which is herself—before the public, they would close the theatre and banish her from France. It may be that instead of a Comstock, or a conscience, at work in Paris it was the preparations of her late husband and his friends to give her an odorous welcome which provoked the official fiat against her. But, while it is certain that the Princess Chinyay and his friends were amassing a great corner in decayed vegetables in readiness for her, this is of no consequence. The thing of consequence is that she was not permitted to play in Paris. That settles her fate in London. She will never exhibit here. The Chinyay is certainly crazy. It is said that at her wedding by the Papal Nuncio she giggled and carried on at such a rate that her sister-in-law had to nudge her to remind her of the proprieties as she knelt at the altar of God. I am told that her own relatives then said she was crazy, and certainly most of her acts since have confirmed the supposition.

Arthur Roberts has been arrested for stealing a pair of slippers from a country hotel where he was stopping the other night. It is in evidence that he did pack up the proprietor's slippers in his luggage and carry them off. But they were in his room and were precisely like his own. The very nature of the charge seems to indicate that the landlord was seeking revenge for other matters than the loss of his slippers. There had been a dispute about Roberts's bill at the inn, and after the comedian had given a check to the landlord he telegraphed that he had a mind to stop it because he found a double charge in the bill. The Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates decided that no felonious intent was proven against the greatest of English mirth-makers, and the case was dismissed. It is very difficult to tell those who don't know exactly what Roberts's position is in London. Not even Ed Sothorn, the elder, ever had such a hold upon the American public. Nat Goodwin comes nearer to holding a part of Roberts's place as a true genius, a bubbling comedian and a public character with a host of friends. But no country has another Roberts, who can and does do and say just what he pleases on the stage. He is much funnier when he utterly disregards his lines and improvises every word he speaks—much funnier than in any written part he ever played.

JULIAN RALPH.

The Tax Is on the Tea.

The five-o'clockers loudly wall in fenshish miscece Because the Government has gone and put a tax on tea.

Oh! it's too long Since the Oolong And the Ceylon came in free, And they're howling And they're growling In a way we're priviled to see When Frisella puts the kettle on to draw the cup of tea.

The Teuton jumps a hundred feet and in his mad career The fact denounces that they have increased the tax on beer.

The beer goes up, the beer goes down; it goes both ways you see And as a blooming paradox out trots the blooming tea.

Oh! it's mixed ale And it's mixed tea That we learn of to our cost— The country wins the battle, though they say the country's lost.

The cup that cheers is cheering for the tax with might and main, And Coney Island's leaping like a bulldog on a chain.

Oh! it's mixed ale in the cellar, And it's mixed ale in our crops, And Young Hyson, Like a bison, Over all creation hops.

The tariff's hit the bull's-eye, while it ciphers in its glee, And that is all we know about the tax on beer and tea.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"When clothes," remarked the observer of men and things, "are depended upon to make the man, it ought to be borne in mind that clothes which are not paid for make a very cheap man, indeed."—Detroit Journal.

Tommy-Paw, why do they call it a lime-light? They can't make light out of lime, can they?

Mr. Figs—I don't know whether that is the reason, whether it is because the light shone on the whitewash on the subretrie,—Indianapolis Journal.

Ferry Patetic—No, sir, I don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. Where would I be in that case?

Wayworn Watson—What you gitt'n at, anyhow?

"Aint I wearin' a sweater?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Timmins's latest joke turned out pretty seriously."

"How?"

"He couldn't sell it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I disapprove of misusing baseball language," remarked the Horse Editor to the Snake Editor.

"Who misused it?"